

14
THE
VINDICATION,

O R

Scandal Reprov'd,

A Sharp Thing on King James & his Queen.

I. Aug. 1689.

I.

Y Our Scandalous Lies I with patience have Read,
And Condemn every Article that you have said :
Must the French King your Subject for Satyr be made,
And great James in Jack Adams's Coat be array'd ?
If his Qu-- goes to Rut,
Is she therefore a Slut ?
Poor Women oft-times to great hardships are put :
And if Lewis did send the poor, K-- o' one side,
Yet you're Sawcy to guess what he did with his Bride.

II.

To his most Loyal Subjects, and best of his Lands,
Now England and Scotland have shook off his Bands,
To his first Royal Seat of his unquestion'd Line,
Which makes him so much to the Irish incline :
To that promised Place
Unto him and his Race,
Where he Represents Lewis's Majesty's Grace,
He is safely retir'd, and there gloriously Rules,
By a Lineal Descent from the House of La F--s

III.

His Clemency, Conduct, and Pity were shown,
When with Patience so long he did wait for a Crown :
The Mirror of Subjects and Brothers he liv'd ;
Remember how much for that Monarch he griev'd !
How unwilling to Reign !
How he wish'd him again !
Tho' I own, all the while he was sure 'twas in vain :
To which let me add his Indulgence i'th' West ;
And the Devil's in the Dice if all that was in jest.

IIII.

The Trials and Turmoils the good Man endur'd,
Which by Churchmen and Statesmen were daily procur'd :
What Strivings had he to bring Bus'ness about ?
What putting in Papists, and Protestants out,
With what vigor he try'd
To bring all to his Side,
Till that damnable Clofeting Trick was descry'd ?
And if Parliament-men had but done as Commanded,
The Frenchmen, instead of the Dutch, shoud have Landed.

His

His delight from the Cradle was ever in Arms,
As his Comfort's has been in diffusing her Charms:
What a Buffle was here with the *Nuncio* erewhile
Because she upon him wou'd constantly Smile?

Suppose she did more,
You held not the Door;

'Tis but Justice sometimes to pay off an old score:
For I know't by experience, when Husbands do fail,
That a slender Temptation will easily prevail.

VI.

'Tis plain, 'gainst his Highness of *Wales* is your Spite;
But pray mark the end, and see what you'll get by't:
There are Rods laid in Piffs for the best of you all
When the plaguy young Urchin comes back to *Whitehall*.
He's a Limb of his Dam

Tho' you call it a Sham;
The Church cannot err, nor believe in a Flam;
Was not all the Contrivance on't Printed at large,
By his Majesty's Order, and at his own Charge?

VII.

But beware your Lampooning your Satyr, and Scandal;
There are those in the World will you plainly handle:
When the one King shall hear what a Monster you've made him;
And the other shall know who it is has betray'd him;

When that *Qu---* shall behold
All her Graces retold,

I cannot but laugh to think how she will Scold:
At the best, she's a Fury; but when in a Passion,
Odzoons, she's enough to confound the whole Nation.

F I N I S.
